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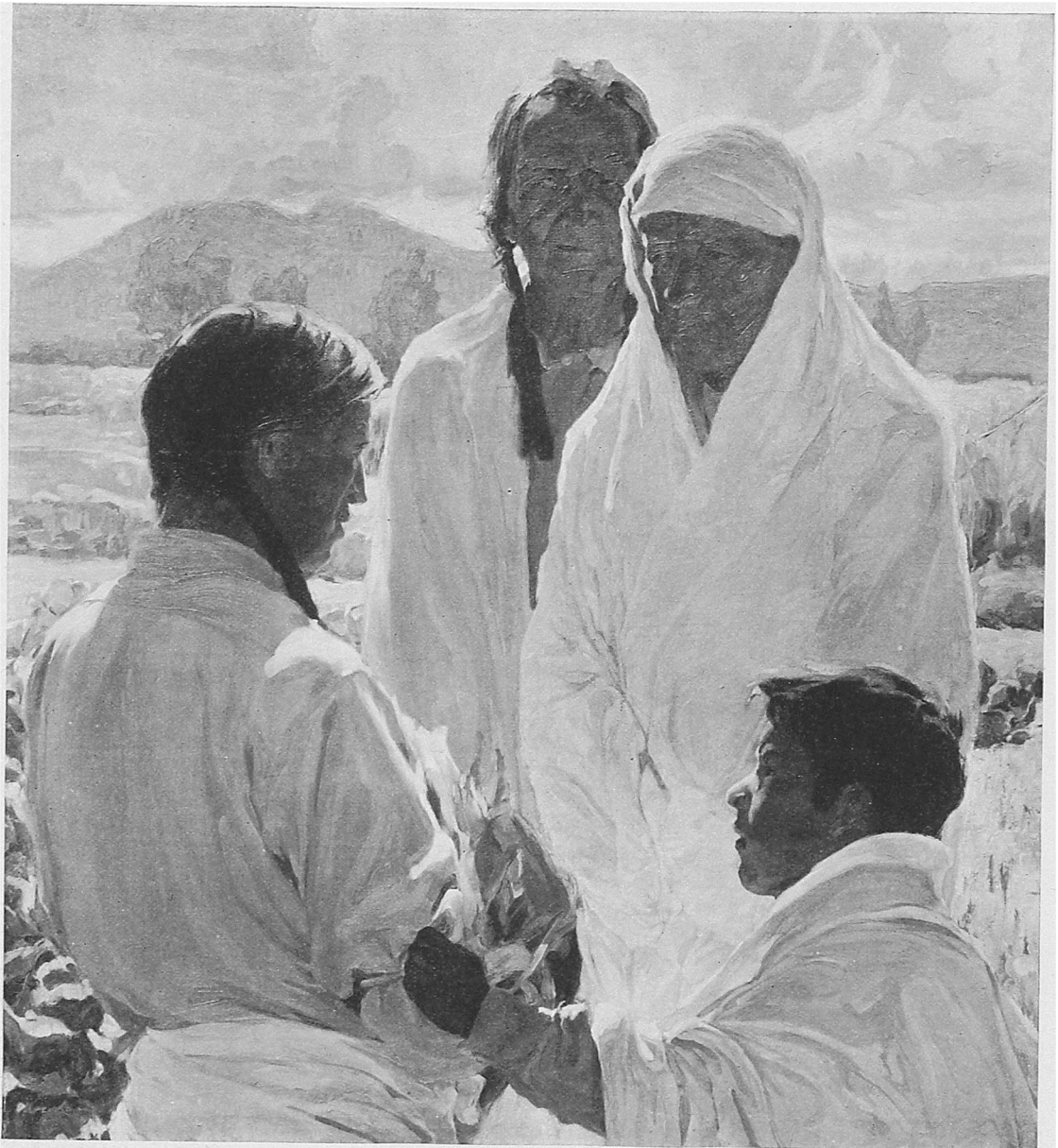
*A MOUNTAIN COURTSHIP (Awarded the Norman Wait Harris Bronze Medal)*  
By James R. Hopkins

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago



*THE HAMMOCK (Awarded the Norman Wait Harris Silver Medal)*  
By Frederick C. Frieseke

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago



*THE SOLEMN PLEDGE: TAOS INDIANS (Awarded the Martin B. Cahn Prize)*  
*By Walter Ufer*

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago



*FISHERMAN'S FAMILY*  
By George Bellows

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

## The Twenty-Ninth Annual Exhibition At the Art Institute

By EVELYN MARIE STUART



*DREAMS*  
By Hermon A. MacNeil  
—Courtesy Art Institute

WITH the campaign echoes of threat, disaster and national need, of "serene and confident, mighty and proud," ringing in one's ears, the twenty-ninth annual exhibition of American oil paintings and sculpture at the Art Institute seemed, indeed, an expression of all the peace and beauty, joy and life, and power of a great land greatly blessed.

Beauty, elegance, culture, opulence and an extreme contentment with life radiated from gallery to gallery with hardly a disturbing note of tragedy, and this in an age when our brothers over seas are caught in a maelstrom of agony. Is it a heartless indifference or a trusting to the final triumph of good that enables us to go about our daily tasks so serenely and to reflect so placidly in our art all the fair, pleasing and interesting phases of American civilization? And are we too



*LAUGHING BATHER*  
By Grace Pruden Neal  
—Courtesy Art Institute



THE STROLLERS  
By Arthur Crisp

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

smugly civilized? Do we need the supreme ordeals of suffering and sacrifice to awaken us to loftier ideals or are we merely expressing the modern philosophy that only what is beautiful and good has any real existence?

Who can say, and how few care, and yet is it not curiously significant, this scarcity of the pensive, pathetic or profoundly tragic throughout an entire exhibition of works of art, art which is so essentially a thing of feeling? That gripping art that reaches, teaches or preaches, found more usual expression in the sculpture than in the oils, and perhaps this is most necessarily true for sculpture is, of its very nature, a rather ponderous and serious business.

The collection of sculpture held an occasional reminder that the race is still striving and struggling upward. The oils gave one the feeling of having arrived at the heights of culture and prosperity, producing an ecstatic sense of fulfillment with an ominous subconsciousness of the pos-

sibilities of an early decline.

From wall to wall one looked to see how beautiful a world we live in. New England Hills with their old traditions of home; the deserts, canyons and mountain peaks of the West, with their awe-inspiring grandeur and beauty; California bright with sun and sea; prairie landscapes peaceful and dripping with plenty; the hurry of our cities; the loveliness of our women in rich or modest attire; the charm of tasteful home interiors—these were the themes on which many a magic brush had delighted to dwell. Even Robert Henri seemed to have

forsaken the thrall of wild, queer folk for a beautiful creature of Latin grace, presented in a more careful arrangement of color than is his wont. Her red shod feet were one of the allurements of this canvas, one thrust out before her in the figure of the dance and the other unseen but casting a rosy glow upon the



SUMMER JOYS  
By Edward Dufner

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago



polished floor beneath the shadow of her petticoats.

In general, color, as expressed by this show, indicated a development of greater refinement among modern men. Raw, crude, gaudy effects were not to be seen at all, while a true appreciation of good color was apparent on every hand. Thus in Potthast's "At the Sea Shore" one had the kind of scene not unusually presented with more glare than glow, and in colors where intensity, rather than harmony, is often sought to bring out the effect of outdoor sunlight. Potthast, however, has given us here a picture full of sun and breeze, but truly beautiful in harmonious and refined color. It would be difficult to recall a more successful beach picture.

Love of sunlight and outdoor air, things for which the modern school is famous, were notable here, many artists essaying the presentation of a figure against the light. Of these one remembers Childe Hassam, Gari Melchers and Daniel Garber, the latter in quite a new role. Hassam acquitted himself with finished grace in his study of a beautiful, half-nude woman against a window screen. It was less bold in color and of not such extreme breadth of style as are many Hassam's. The flesh was veiled in a grey shadow and the golden head outlined in a halo of light.

Gari Melcher's portrait of Nelly Kabel was a fascinating thing as a picture, full of lovely little groupings that were good pictures taken by themselves. The bowl of nasturtiums, the bronze bust, the drapery of the figure, all were replete with interest and charm. Curiously enough, however, the face of the young woman seemed to have received less of care and consideration at the artist's hand. Its

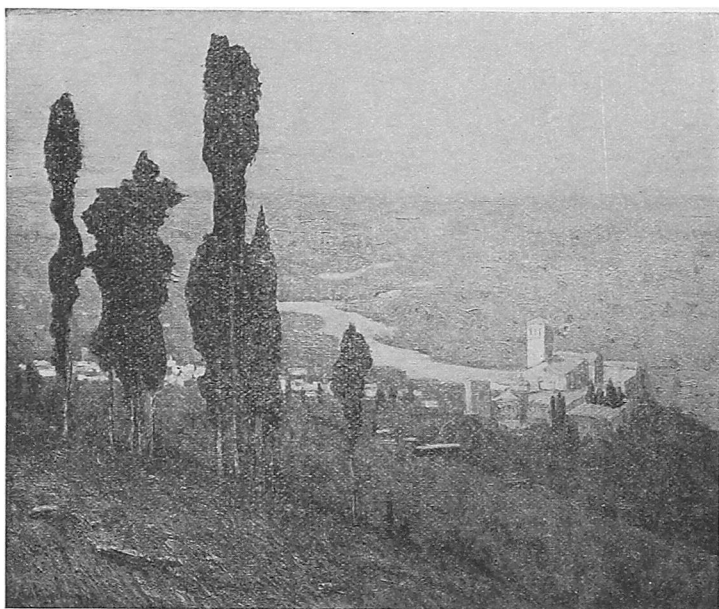


PORTRAIT: MRS. PEARMAIN —Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago  
By George DeForest Brush



THE FIRST VOYAGE  
By Charles W. Hawthorne

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago



ASSISI  
By Charles Warren Eaton

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

tone was hardly more life-like than that of the bronze bust and the modelling of something of the same firmness.

Daniel Garber, reducing his life long loves, the trees, to a place of secondary importance, gave us a peep into the garden with a dear little golden-haired girl standing against the brilliant radiance of the sun. The light on the child's head was magnificently achieved and the transparencies of her blouse strikingly worked out, but the trees of the garden were not neglected by the master's hand and the contrast of those in the middle distance against the darker, farther ones showed loving care and faithful observation.

Lillian Genth cannot be overlooked in any review of the sun worshippers and one of her light-dappled nudes glowed like a pink pearl or some waxen-petaled, rosy flower in the mossy and golden greens of the forest.

Frederick Friescke, too, added laurels to his reputation as a priest of the sun, his canvas, "The Hammock," re-

ceiving the Norman Wait Harris silver medal. He seems much fascinated at present with blue summer shadows, both "The Hammock" and "Breakfast in the Garden," which we herewith illustrate, being wrapped in tremulous pale blue shadows that are the negative aspect of sunlight. To many their blueness seemed dangerously to verge upon the extremes, while artists noted in his foliage and other details, traces of Van Gogh. A bowl of nasturtiums in the center of the canvas gave life and contrast to our illustration and rendered it more agreeable to the average eye than his prize winner.

How very different was the "Sunlight and Shadow" of William Chase, with the significant wreath of funeral foliage knotted with mourning purple hung beneath it. Here was all the charm of the old school at its best, the vanished glories of other days and other ways. A bit like Whistler, redolent of Paris, suggesting the cosmopolitan or artist's life, containing a shade of sentimental as well as physical conditions in its title and just a bit literary, it was all of the past, but a very brilliant past. Evidently the man and



BREAKFAST IN THE GARDEN  
By Frederick C. Friescke

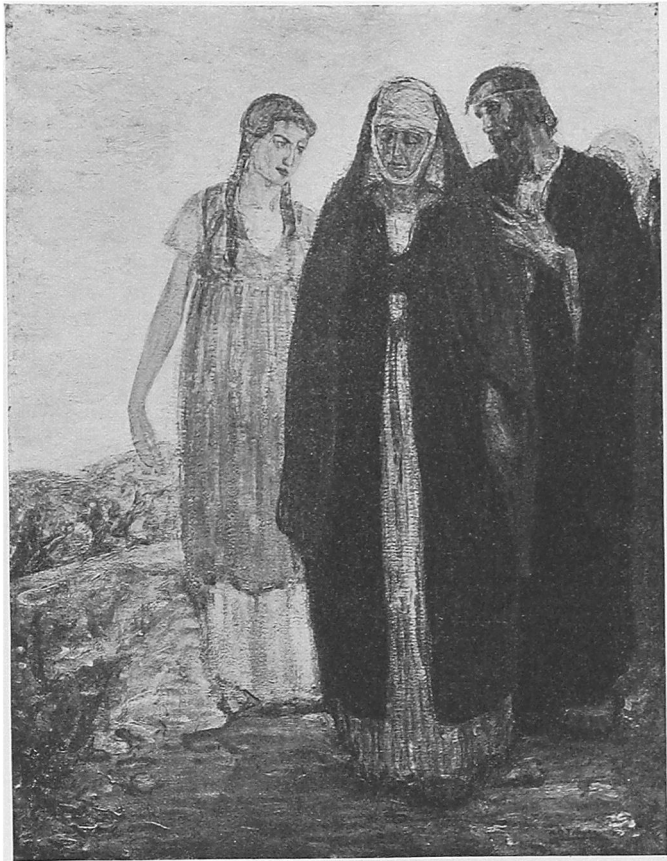
—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

woman in this Parisian garden had experienced a little quarrel. He looked to be English from face to spats, and uncomfortable and all at sea. Innumerable cigarette stubs bestrewed the gravel at his feet while he contemplated another over the remains of an outdoor breakfast. The woman in the hammock seemed coquettish even in her grief for the one eye that looked, tear-stained, over the hammock edge was, nevertheless, alive with curiosity as to the effect of the little scene.

Mary Cassatt, too, presented a picture which seemed out of our day. In color it was delightful, but the type of woman she paints can only achieve charm and dignity through motherhood. Without the accompaniment of a child in her arms she loses her reason for existing and ceases to invite.

William Paxton, too, essayed, in a double sense, the style of yesterday, for "1875," in subject and treatment, was away from the modern. The exquisite finish and minute realism of this artist in the handling of textures was never better displayed, and the theme held all the charm of the romance of our mother's girlhood days. No one, save Alfred Stevens, has ever made close studies of feminine apparel so utterly fascinating, and the instance in point is a masterpiece. The lovely apple-green silk, made with a tie back, mind you, was such as would have been smart at Saratoga in its best days when high-stepping, blue-blooded thoroughbreds took the place of the now ubiquitous motor car.

Our illustrations afford a wide range of style and manner, from the much-composed and carefully painted "Oldebroek" of Walter MacEwen to the strongly colored and broadly treated "Fisherman's



THE RETURN OF THE HOLY WOMEN  
By Henry O. Tanner

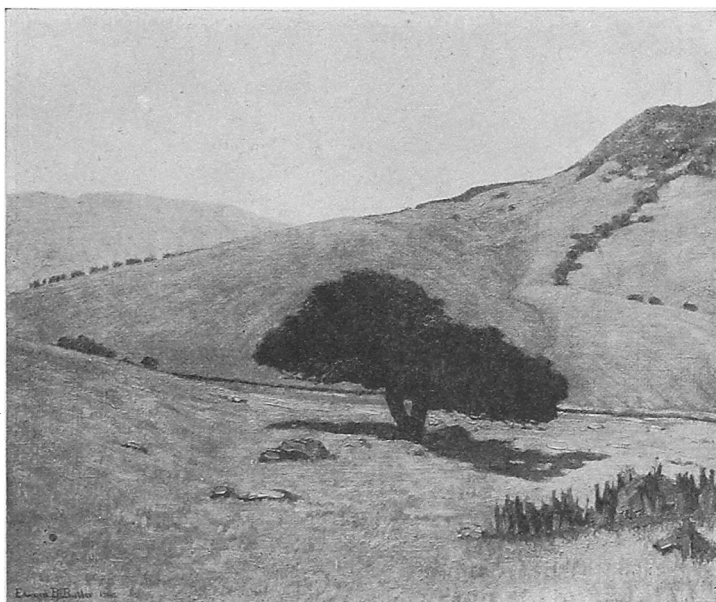
—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago



BACKWATER  
By Henry B. Snell

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago





*CALIFORNIA HILLS*  
By Edward B. Butler

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

Family" by George Bellows "Oldebroek" is remarkable for refined greys with contrasts of delightful rose, and for finish and care in the handling. A touch of supreme grace in the little perspective of the village street with figures seen through the window, which cannot, however, be fully appreciated in the reproduction. Bellows, in his unmistakable deep slate greys, emerald greens, ultra marine blues and strange reds, achieves the ominous feeling of the dangerous sea. His two groups of figures in this picture do not give as great an opportunity for the display of his ability to paint action as does "The Sawdust Trail," his other contribution to this exhibition. A Billy Sunday emotional storm is the subject of the latter and its impression is as vivid, forceful and chaotic as the eloquence of this famed enthusiast.

A Hawthorne and a Tanner contributed to the impressiveness of the show touches of well-marked and loudly acclaimed individualities. The Hawthorne is one of the most enjoyable ever exhibited. As usual with this artist, the figure in the center of the picture stands calmly looking straight out of the canvas. Here, however, this direct gaze is veiled with the mist of dreams, there is great meaning in this outward vision for the boy is not looking at us, but beyond our horizon to the other side of the world and all the mighty and wonderful sights he shall see upon his first voyage. His stiff, oiled seacoat is over his arm, his "sou-wester" on the breakfast table with the dishes and mother's bright-colored spools. Her fat, red



*SEPTEMBER MOONLIGHT*  
By Charles Francis Browne

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

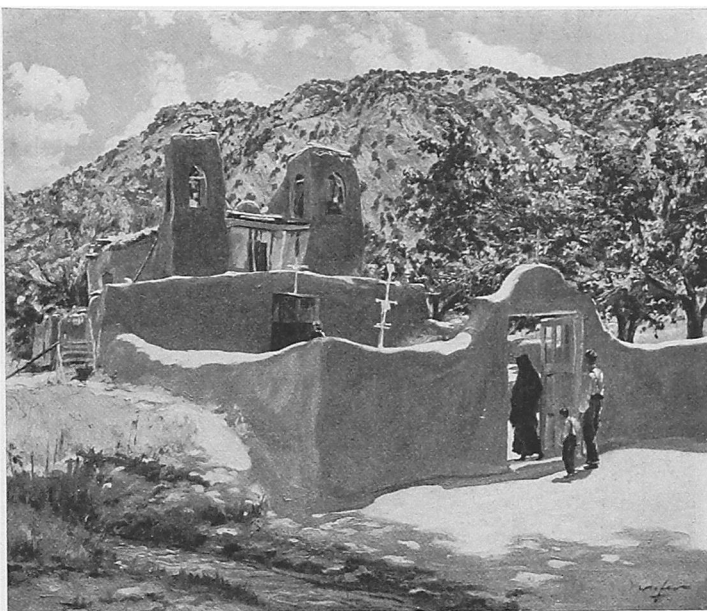
hands seem charming, engaged in the homely service of sewing a button on the jacket of the young sailor, while his little sisters look on in silent hero worship.

"The Return of the Holy Women" is a typical Tanner, with his own individual blues and greens and his characteristic choice of a Biblical subject. The sadness of the center figure is also a much repeated theme which he, nevertheless, reiterates with unflinching effect.

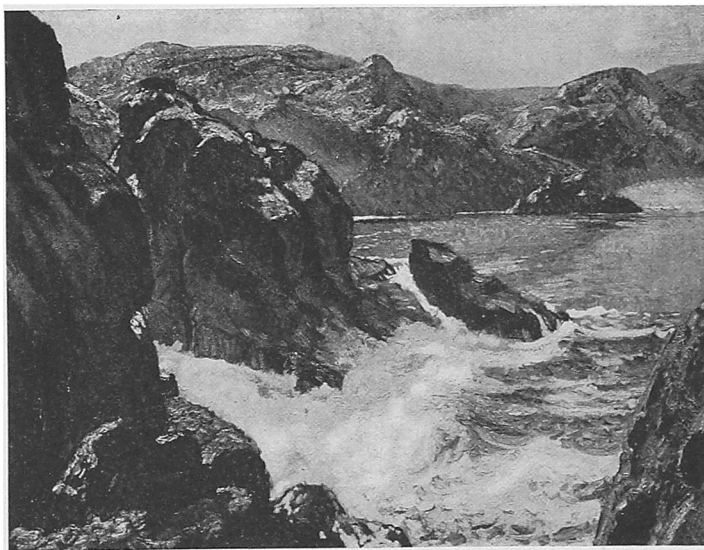
Among portraits, that of Mrs. Pearmain by George deForest Brush was notable for the exquisite handling of an archaic setting which always seems to appeal to this artist. Its old-master effect, both in costume and color, is well suited to the type of the sitter and renders it superbly decorative. Such a portrait has the advantage of never going out of fashion or looking "queer" as to costume. However, it is less truthful and more fanciful than a frank acceptance of modern costumes.

That our modern fashions are capable of artistic effect was well proven by Adelaide Cole Chase and Irving Wiles. The first shows a lady of auburn-haired type wearing a simple, tailored frock of black with a collar of white organdie, and a little necklace of pearls with a pear-shaped pendant; the latter a handsome brunette in a coat of leopard skin, and both are most delightful as pictures while convincing as portraits.

The west was well represented at the show, coming in even among the prize winners. Victor Higgins, William R. Leigh, O. E. Berninghaus and Walter Ufer sang the charm of moun-

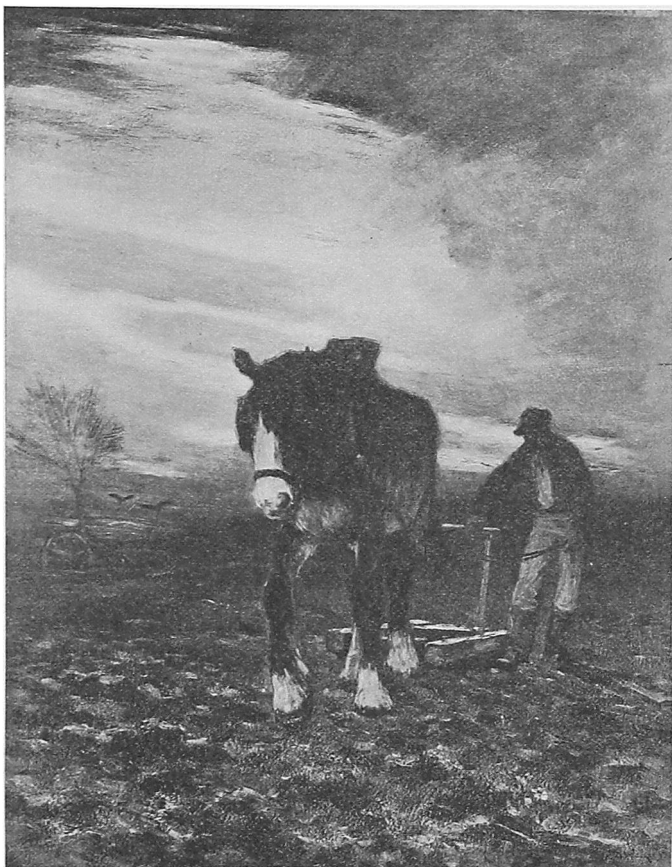


OFERTA PARA SAN ESQUIPULA —Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago  
By Walter Ufer



OCTOBER MORNING  
By Paul Dougherty

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago



THE HARROWER: SUNRISE —Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago  
By Horatio Walker



BREEZY WEATHER  
By Cullen Yates

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

tain and desert, mission and Indian village with more than usual persuasiveness. Berninghaus is not a familiar name but his work was much remarked and favorably ranked with the best of those who paint the desert country. Ufer rose to heights of supreme achievement in "The Solemn Pledge: Taos Indians," which captured the Martin B. Cahn prize. It was an Indian portrait group, marvelous in its fidelity to life and the strong effect of desert sunshine. This sets a mark that must be gratifying to its creator though it will require unflinching strength to keep up to it.

William R. Leigh exhibited "The Land of His Fathers," a large and decorative canvas with a brilliant expanse of vermillion rock glowing in the sun. Goats and goatherd were picturesque though, from the title, one might be led to wish for a more impressive type of Indian.

The Norman Wait Harris bronze medal was bestowed upon James R. Hopkins for a dialect story in brush words, entitled "A Mountain Courtship." One could add little in the way of description to the illustration, herewith presented, of a picture which speaks so ably and so clearly for itself.

Changes in style or subject were to be noted on the part of many well-known men. Thus Bruce Crane appears in a new role, a phase of winter more usually appealing to Symons or Redfield. He handles it differently, however, with the exquisite grace of his inimitable gifts.

Edgar Payne showed one of his typical mountain scenes, beautiful in color, and a marine of the strong type suggestive a bit of Dougherty. With Payne, however, the waves preserve a feeling of design.

Randall Davey's picture, "Man

and Monkey," might, at first guess, go for a Henri, for their styles are similar. It is an appealing bit of work, full of human interest, and very cleverly and vigorously painted.

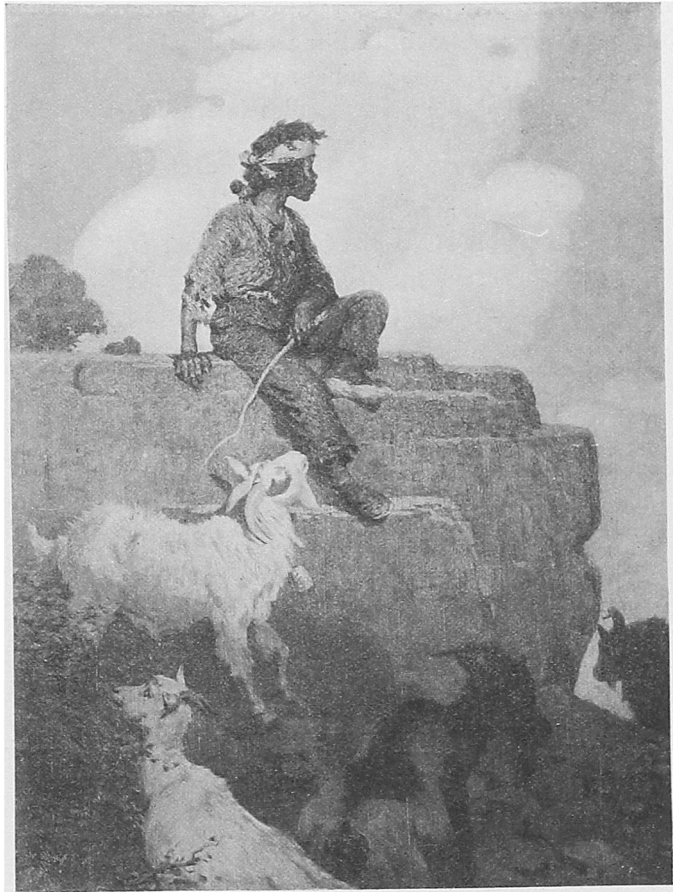
Louis Betts surprised everyone with "Josie of the Hills," for painting the figure out-of-doors has not been his usual habit, while society women have sat for him so long that one cannot imagine him painting a girl of the golden west, in sombrero, red neckerchief, white shirtwaist and riding skirt. To his credit, be it said, he accomplished the unusual without marring a notable record.

The great names of modern landscape graced the catalog and our illustrations are fairly representative. We could wish to have DeWitt Parshall's "Harold's Canyon," a superb thing which was not well located in the galleries, and one of William Ritschell's magnificent marines.

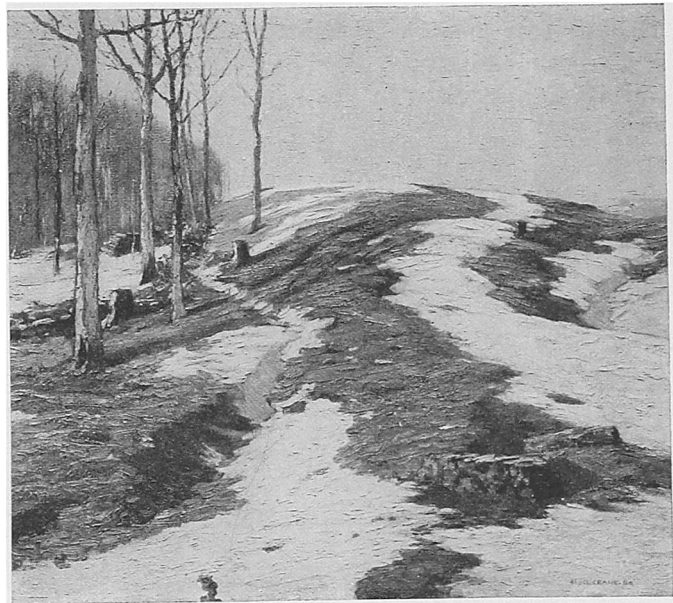
There are some points of similarity between the Dougherty and the Charles Cullen Yates herewith illustrated, the latter, however, has a stormy feeling of motion in the little boats upon the waves and a less finished manner of statement.

"Backwater" by Henry B. Snell, shows another mood of the marine: a quiet harbor with docks and boats. Somehow the boats do not seem to obtrude upon us as do boats lying close-to in real life where they usually dominate the scene. The more distant stretches of water with their glassy reflections and the hilly bank beyond are indeed well executed.

Charles Warren Eaton affords one of the few glimpses of the world outside our boundaries which this exhibition contained and, as usual, his "Assisi" is a most delightful bit of Italian landscape.



*THE LAND OF HIS FATHERS* —Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago  
By William R. Leigh



*LAST SNOW*  
By Bruce Crane

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

"September Moonlight" by Charles Francis Browne is as poetic as the title warrants, most graceful in composition and agreeable in tone.

Edward B. Butler gives a nice interpretation of California Hills with their live oak and chaparral, while Walter Ufer in "Oferta para San Esquipula" preserves the curious glued-to-the-hills effect which tourists note in the adobe walls of these old missions. This is due to the monotony of their color, for in the black and white reproduction, there is much feeling of perspective.

"The Harrower: Sunrise" by Horatio Walker is a simple poem of toil that reminds one of the Barbizon school, possessing not only its grace of tone but its deeper charm of sympathy.

Two delightful things decorative and graceful, are "The Strollers" by Arthur Crisp, and "Summer Joys" by Edward Dufner, both to be seen in our illustrations. "The Strollers"

has something the manner of a mural. Its composition is most marked, its method a bit flat and its color tasteful but arranged. "Summer Joys" is remarkable for the glow of sunset on the faces of the children and the little flecks of floating cloud in the wide sky above.

The exhibition opened the new galleries just completed as an addition to the Art Institute, thus marking an event in the development and influence of a great institution of which all Chicagoans are justly proud.

The paintings occupy the upper floor, divided into a series of smaller galleries. The



*TURNING TURTLE*

*By Albert Laessle*

—*Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago*

sculptures are in the large hall of the main floor and deserve a chapter in themselves.

The scale of the exhibition of American sculpture would in itself have been of great importance; but its real significance lies in the fact that the present time marks the culmination of a period in the development of American sculpture. This art, in the United States, has been growing steadily toward a condition of more perfect self-consciousness, until now, under the stimulus of the problems involved in the great Pacific Expositions, the achievement of a number of years has rushed to what may be called a climax, both in the amount of work produced and in the quality of that work.

It therefore seemed highly fitting that this moment should be marked by an exhibition such as that of the National Sculpture Society, originally installed in the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo and in the park surrounding that gallery. The importance of this collection made it desirable that a larger part of the country should see it. For this reason, the entire collection, with the exception of a few pieces which could not be safely moved, nor fittingly installed under present conditions, has been brought to the Art Institute; and to this assemblage a number of important additions have been made. The entire group now constitutes the sculpture section of the Twenty-ninth Annual Exhibition of American Oil Paintings and Sculpture.

Unique in the annals of exhibitions was the



*PELICAN*

—*Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago*

*By Nelson N. Bickford*

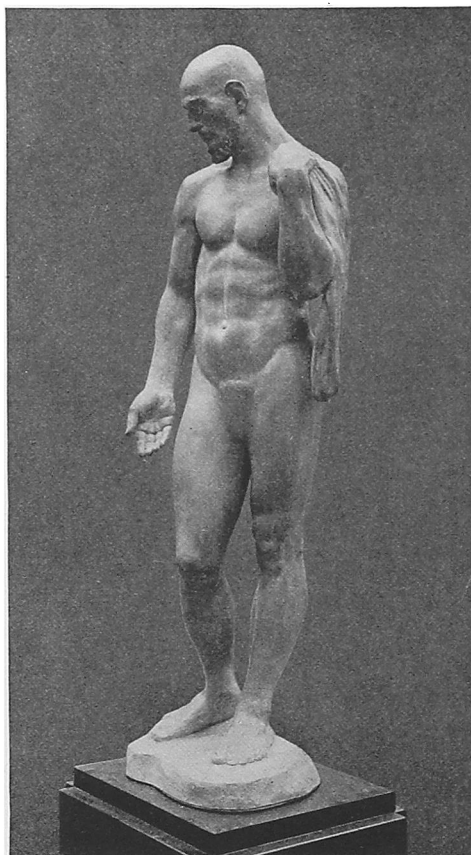


awarding of the first prize and gold medal to a piece of sculpture, but for that matter the showing of sculpture was in itself unique in extent and importance. Emil R. Zettler's "Job" was the work selected for the highest award, the Potter Palmer gold medal and prize of one thousand dollars. As an object of art and a study in anatomy it was unquestionably entitled to this honor. The head and face of the figure are most interesting, typically Jewish as we know the modern Jew, and no doubt true to the physiognomy of the Israelite of antiquity.

"The Sower," by Albin Polasek, shown in our illustration, will be recognized as the large figure installed upon the steps of the Institute, which has been so much discussed in the newspapers. The only questionable thing about the work has been the discussion oc-



*QUEST*  
By William Sergeant Kendall  
—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago



*JOB (Awarded the Potter Palmer Gold Medal)*  
By Emil R. Zettler  
—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

casioned, which is an unfortunate reflection on the lack of perception in otherwise normal minds. How so noble a figure could suggest anything base is beyond the comprehension of the discerning.

A work of supreme appeal is the conception of Christ by Charles H. Niehaus, herewith illustrated, demonstrating the fact that an oft repeated theme may yet be treated in such a manner as to arouse a fresh realization of its pure and noble beauty.

From among the lighter works we present the "Laughing Bather," by Grace Pruden Neal, a thing of sparkle and vivacity, and "Dreams," by Hermon A. MacNeil, a graceful figure with a rapt expression upon the delicate face.

"The Turning Turtle," by Albert Laessle, and "The Pelican," by Nelson N. Bickford,



CHRIST

By Charles H. Niehaus

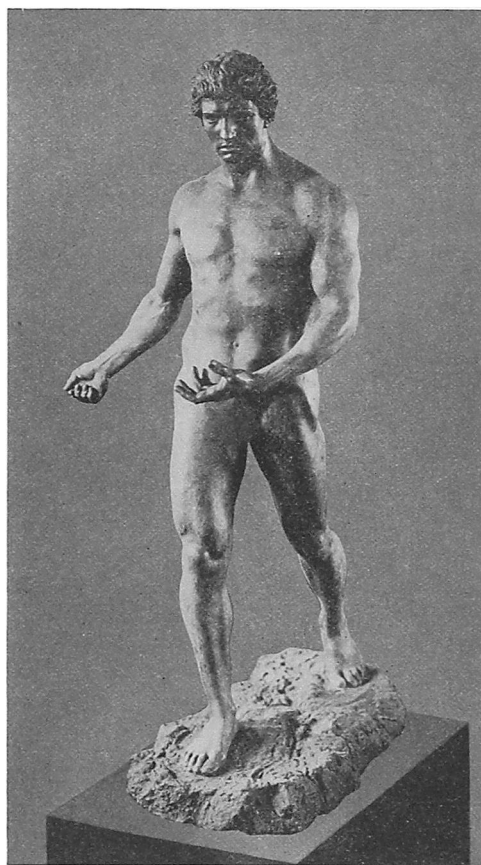
—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

are two fascinating little animal studies from among the many such to be seen as this show. Indeed the small bronzes were a notable collection in themselves.

Most remarked were the curious inspirations of Stanislaw Szukalski, who was accorded Honorable Mention for a figure entitled "The Fall." The works of this young man are marked by a peculiar but unmistakable genius, which at once fascinates and terrifies. They are both powerful and beautiful but their power is ominous and their beauty that of tragedy. They seem to be the outward expressions of a soul in revolt, torn

with the anguish of humanity, as though the artist heart had inherited the accumulated sufferings of generations of Polish ancestors. Even those who could not understand or appreciate his work paused to study and comment upon it, so strong was its individuality.

"Quest," by William Sergeant Kendall, was another much-discussed piece in which the charm of color augmented the minute realism of the modelling. The significance of the title was subtly conveyed in the pose of the head and the expression of the face. Surprisingly lifelike, this work was nevertheless most decorative on account of the color and the antique costume.



THE SOWER

By Albin Polasek

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago